

## Stranger Things Season 4: A FanFic by HOT-DOG-PIE

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**Summary:** Hey everybody! Sorry it took a while cuz you know, school and stuff. But anyway, here it is! The draft for chapter 1. This is for anyone out there eagerly waiting for season 4 of Stranger Things but who don't have capacity to wait. I'm currently working on chapter 2 so please give me some of your ideas, thoughts and reviews before I publish chapter 2 and re-publish chapter 1. THANKS

## Stranger Things Season 4: A FanFic

Elle woke up with a salty taste in her mouth. She rubbed the inside of her mouth with her tongue while she lay engrossed in the warmth and charm of her blanket.

From her bed she had a clear view through the window. Outside, the sky was completely blocked from view by a sea of dark clouds that were in preparation for a morning shower. Her eyes shifted to the Peter Rabbit calendar that hung on her door. It was Tuesday. She got up from her bed, but paused for a second as she felt the chill crawl into her skin. Walking towards the chair, she grabbed her jumper hanging over it.

While she was slipping it over her pajamas she wore her cotton slippers, jamming her feet inside, clenching her toes to get rid of the cold.

After a few stretches, she made her way down to the kitchen. She pulled out the frying pan on the dish rack and left it on the stove, before retrieving a box of eggs, a stick of butter, a carton of milk and four Eggos from the fridge. After putting the Eggos in the toaster, she turned on the stove and let a dab of butter melt in the heat while she cracked the eggs into a glass cup. She added the milk into the glass cup and pinched in some pepper and salt. After whisking everything with a fork, she emptied the contents onto the pan and began tending to it with a spatula. A tired looking Will sauntered into the kitchen.

"Morning Will", she said while she stirred the cooked eggs "Yeah, morning". He replied in a cool voice.

"I'm scrambling the eggs. Do you want some?" She asked Will, who was drinking some orange juice from the fridge.

"Sure."

The Eggos popped out of the toaster and Elle retrieved them, placing two of them on separate plates. She turned off the stove and dished half of the pans contents onto both plates, leaving the rest in the pan,

which she covered with a lid and left on a heat stopper.

She placed the two plates on the table along with two forks and sat down. Will who was staring out of the window, walked back to the table and him and Elle started eating their breakfast.

"So, Mom's letting you make breakfast now?" Will asked while splitting his Eggo with his fork.

"Yeah, and she said once I learn how to make pancakes, I can start making lunch and dinner too"

"Oh yeah, that-thats great."

The brisk sound of foot steps and then the slamming of the bathroom door came from the hallway.

"Sorry kids!" A flustered mother yelled from inside the bathroom.

"I think your mom is late for work again." Elle said, smiling at Will.

Will was staring solemnly at the glass of orange juice while he split his Eggo for the eighteenth time.

"Will, are you - I mean - Why are you staring at the juice?" She asked in a calm voice.

Will immediately looked up at Elle and gave her a weak smile.

"I'm just looking at the juice and thinking about how sad it's life is. I mean, it's only purpose is to wash down our throats and give us vitamin C.

Elle laughed a bit and smiled.

"Well I wouldn't be sad if I was the juice."

"Oh, yeah, how come?"

"Well, your Mom buys the juice every Saturday at the orange building right? Because the people who make it put the juice in the box so that we could swallow-I mean - drink it, right? So, is the juice not

living the purpose of its life? Isn't that what's supposed to make you, me and everyone happy?"

"Yeah, I guess you're right."

Will began to nibble on the bits of Eggos he had on his plate.

Elle finished the last of her Eggo and started on her scrambled eggs.

"So", she began. "What do you like learning about at school? Do like Science or Math, or the one where you exercise?"

"You mean PE?"

"Yeah, P and E."

Will looked at Elle and started smiling.

"Well, I kind of like Math because my teacher, Mrs Spitzer is super nice and she is like really easy to talk to. Shes also teaching us how to use log books and stuff."

"Whats a log book Will?"

"Well," responded Will, " Since I'm in the advanced math class and we do like, insanely hard equations, so we use log books have logarithms that help us solve hard problems."

Elle responded with a curious expression on her face to all the information Will was saying.

"But Mrs. Spitzer says that when we're juniors we'll start using small computers called calculators."

Will paused for a while and then continued.

"Well I kind of like Art but my teacher is just...weird." He started to giggle.

"He drinks some kind of herbal tea that makes his eyes all red and puffy like some kind of vampire."

"Like the Dracula vampire?" Enquired Elle.

"Yeah, like Dracula, if he had a beer gut and earned twenty dollars an hour teaching kids about the fundamentals of yellow," said Will.

"Will", said Elle. "What's a beer gut?"

"Oh uh, it's like when, uh, a guy drinks too much beer." Will gestured a beer bottle with his hand while 'tipping' it into his mouth. "His stomach gets all big from all that drinking."

'I think Hopper had a beer gut', replied Elle.

'A bit, yeah, but not that big,' said Will.

'How big is THAT big?' Asked Elle, curiously.

Will looked at Elle mysteriously. "About...This big!" He quickly spread his arms out while leaning back on his chair. Leaning back too far, Will fell off his chair.

While he lay and the floor, him and Elle continued to laugh hysterically. Elle was laughing so hard that she coughed on her scrambled eggs. Will, tears in his eyes, got up and sat on his chair.

A flustered looking Joyce entered the room. 'What are you two laughing about?' She asked with a raised eyebrow while spooning some scrambled eggs onto a plate.

"Will's teachers beer gut." Replied Elle with a suppressed giggle.

"Oh, c'mon Will, your teacher does not have a beer gut," said Joyce, helping herself to the breakfast Elle had prepared. "And even he does it's really not nice to laugh because adults can get really concious about the way their body looks."

"But Mom," continued Will, "You always talk about how your old high school English teacher had so much wrinkles on her face she looked like a blood hound."

"She did, actually. And you know what? Me and Hopper once got sent to detention for skipping her class twice in a week."

"Mom", said Will, "You never told me that you and Hopper were in the

same grade."

"I didn't? Well, we were, and we would get into so much trouble together." Joyce looked dazed for a second but quickly added, " Not that you kids should do same, I mean, I really regret flunking out of school because I never knew how hard it would be to get a job without a degree and Hopper, he was lucky enough to move to the city and become a cop after serving in 'Nam-."

Elle looked quietly at Joyce and asked, 'Joyce, was Hopper like, your boyfriend back when you went to school?'

Joyce looked flustered but replied, 'No sweetie, he wasn't - I mean, we weren't a thing back then.

Joyce's expression cooled down for a bit.

'I mean, to me, he was always like the kind of person you can depend on no matter what. You always have to have people like that in your lives kids. Even though it may seem impossible to find someone like that at first, you have to try. Because the amount of good a person like that can bring outways the effort it takes to try and find them .

Joyce took a deep breath.'Well, enough of that. Will, you need to hurry up and finish your breakfast, you don't wanna miss the bus. And Elle honey, remember that before you come to the library today you have to lock all the doors, turn off the television, make sure that the stove and taps are off and all the windows are closed. Okay sweetie?

Elle relayed her understanding with a nod and collected all the plates before leaving them in the sink to soak.

As Joyce was about to leave Will asked her one last thing.

'Mom, when's Jonathan coming home? It's just that we haven't seen him in a while.'

Joyce looked dearly at her son.

"Will, you know he's very busy now", she said reassuringly. "When you go from high school straight to getting a full time job, the

transition can be quite hard. But your brother seems to be doing well. He's always been independent."

Joyce gave Will a reassuring hug. " And he would want you to go to school and get good grades and go to college. So please get ready sweetie."

With that, Joyce went back to her room to get ready while Will sat there and continued to stare outside the window.